

# Bard

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# Bard

= = = = =

1.

Night comes around every so often  
most men see dusk far  
more often that they see dawn

but sunrise comes  
and when we finally wake we hear  
its echoes all over the land.

2.

There is always stone  
to listen to. Whole mountains  
or little pebbles on the beach  
not fun to walk on

and mountains too  
are difficult, climbing, getting over—  
if they didn't speak so loud  
we would probably leave them alone.

3.

But that's not our way with things.  
After a certain point in the history of consciousness  
it becomes necessary to *think* about mountains.  
Not just clamber over them  
on your way to far away like Hannibal and elephants,  
not just mining them for silver and copper and coal

but thinking with them,  
working them into your story.  
Petrarch in Provence,  
King Laurin in the Dolomites—  
who tells his story  
in marble and rose  
every blessed night over Bolzano?

4.  
And if there is something  
darker than night  
don't we want that too?

If there is something darker  
than night, then night  
must be another kind of light,

another kind of day.  
It takes more than eyes  
to see, or see with.

27 October 2014  
End of Notebook 371

= = = = =

1.

The pain of seizing  
legal animals occupy the land  
and we're still talking about religion.

You are cognate with the other!

That's why they call  
Earth your mother. Listen to me!

And then the sparrows overcame the voice,  
we never did find out who was speaking,

just all the billowing resounding round the dome  
different languages depending where we stood.

A dome means everything  
is what we concluded  
because it keeps the sky safe inside.

2.

But the battle seemed legitimate,  
tattered law books covering her lap

— could this be the princess  
so many of our knights were lost

finding, fighting for?

And there she was,  
more animal than man, thank god  
and all the mercy ran to praise her.

We sulked in our little cars,  
imagining the mountain had abandoned us.

3.

Clarity is so dear.

The sun is always rising  
arrowing across the lawn  
our little park,  
waking the furniture.

Deep shuffle about in the trees—  
is this the static-free transmission  
we work so hard to bargain for?

Weather is the one thing that always matters—  
isn't that our actual politics?

4.

Open this law book and see the sky.  
Now try the Bible — just some clouds,  
some sun. The shirt I'm trying to wear  
flaps wild in the wind, we are torn  
to shreds just thinking of the wind.

**28 October 2014**

= = = = =

**Kept thinking an answer would come  
the way lava does, all at once, hot,  
covering everything. Relevance  
is dangerous, and enemy flag  
hoisted on your yacht offshore.  
Relevance burns up what it touches,  
we say something is *relevant* but  
by then there's nothing left.**

**28 October 2014**

= = = = =

Nobody wants to anymore.  
But the convetibles still roll down 9G,  
baffled Lutherans wonder about the Pope  
not for the first time. Who am I  
to be talking like this, telling you  
what you do not want to know,  
can never know, we are so far away  
from the moon-size sea-shaped gash  
in our house when the moon came out  
not all that long ago—how  
bright she still is! —and that's what's meant  
by taking Eve out of Adam's side.

29 October 2014



= = = = =

**As Samhain grows close  
(sounds like sound)  
we begin to understand  
the faerie-folk are  
masters of our good intentions.**

**30.X.14**

= = = = =

Boys do that. Saint-Sulpice scene.  
Flee to the seminary,  
better place to hide their seed.

Ah, fuyez! Boys do that,  
escape from girls they love.  
What does love do  
to escape from us?

*Ah, flee away, sweet image*  
we sing, but what  
does love sing back to us?

30 October 2014

= = = = =

The few things we know  
tend to forget us and move on.  
Nothing so slippery as knowing.  
The girl in the cowboy hat  
doesn't even need a horse,  
one look of understanding  
and she's gone. And salmon  
stumble up the rapids  
safe in a bearless stream.  
It seems so strange to have been.  
Bones and all that. Green stuff,  
a puff of breath sand then not.  
A tune from san opera, we belong  
at last to whatever moves us.  
That's why science labs are cold.  
And someone used this weather  
before it ever got to us. A forest  
is a very patient place—that's why  
we feel the way we do even before  
night finds us there. *Keep moving,*  
*do not stay with me* is its instruction.  
It's like being in grade school again  
and all the books still are dead.

30 October 2014

## **THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE**

**When they begin  
they'll be asking,  
never doubt.  
You'll hear them well  
from the hills in your heart.**

**31 October 2014**

## H A B E O

. A moment now to say what must be said  
eleven minutes before the horse  
kicks in the virgin's belly and she gives to the light  
a tiny problem shaped like a man

O man  
thou art conundrum and cigar,  
Houdini's fractured arteries, the smell  
of children playing in a pool  
all sweat and piss and chlorine

O man  
thou parody of woman, thou  
sad excuse for a loving being  
*o du muss dich überwinden*  
of course you must, Nietzsche

(was he a man? why did he live  
in silence and insanity? *insan*  
in Arabic means man) said so,  
of course you must transcend yourself—  
you can never amount to a woman

but you might not become a god  
(Vespasian on the cack-stool)  
but *be* a god. Being is absolute  
there is no such thing as becoming.

**I had eleven minutes to say what  
had to be said now I have five left  
and these words I wrote  
are they worth six  
minutes of precious human time  
(I'm only a man)?**

**Or is that the wrong question to ask,  
because time is not there in the first place.**

**No time. Just space, And us forevering in it  
like frantic songbirds in a hurricane.**

**31 October 2014**

## **ALL HALLOWS**

**Is there somewhere later than now  
where the oyster shells pile up beside  
a river longer than the land it runs through  
(he means you) and where the waterfowl  
speak better English than the hunters can—  
o quick reincarnation, o Latin dialect  
still spoken on the moon (we call it Sardinian)  
(we call the Moon the desert east of Fresno)  
(we call it desert because it silences all life)  
local Indians had eaten perhaps a million  
bivalves before they moved away or the clams  
settled norther or the mud began to sing**

**(I heard it when I was a boy, black black  
under the tall timothy grass along the bay)  
walked with my lover on the wooden walks  
wondering if we put or ears against each  
others bellies we could hear Europe over**

there beyond the curling low tide wavelets  
and I think we could (so hard to be young)  
(the light is fading) and what we heard  
(Catullus, Dante, Donne, Rilke)  
was all about love (only about love) we  
are too embarrassed to ask why (why?)  
and that year the Indians came back,  
Munsee, Mohican, who knows what branch  
of the peaceable tribes knew us best  
before we banished them southwest.

A new month is beginning. (The moon  
is always isn't it? The way we trust bodies  
more than minds? The way the opera never  
actually ends? They came back speaking English  
just like the cormorants of Massachusetts  
(or -thusetts as they used to lisp it) their wings  
drying in the clement wind, spoke to us then  
as Homer's bozos did, honorably, tough-tongued,  
why are you living in a land that wasn't



even ours so sacred was it.why defile it with  
cesspools and towers and roaring chapels,  
like Jews talking sacred Hebrew in the supermarket  
or isn't everything sacred without owning it?

We can't talk with people like that. Morality  
makes poor conversation. I'm trying to explain  
birds. They are our grammarians. They work us  
over in our heads with their wordless cries  
and from that wordlessness our words arise.  
We just have to listen in our heads, the rest  
is weather warming me or chilling my feet.  
All Hallows means everything is holy —  
what else is worth bothering to explain?

31 October 2014